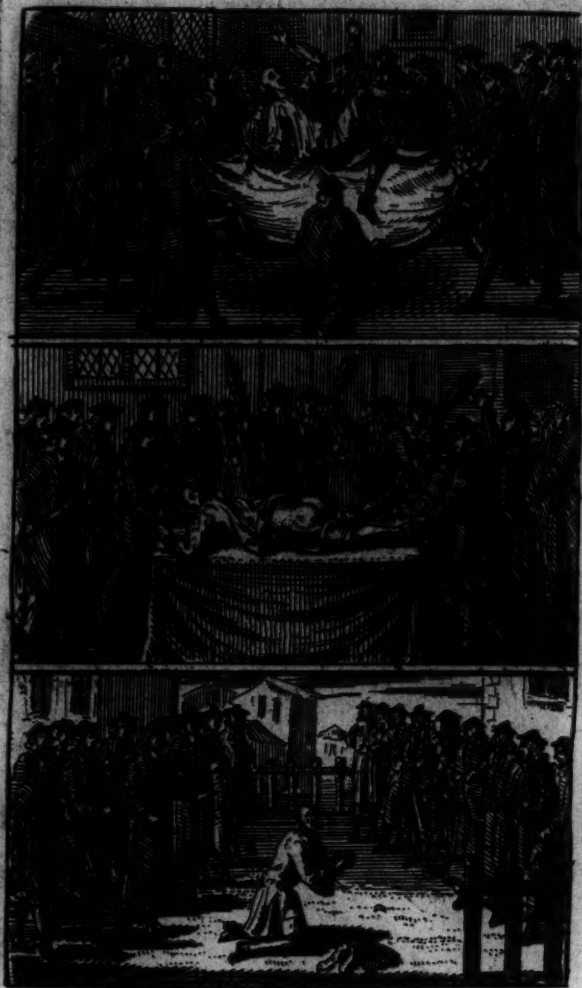
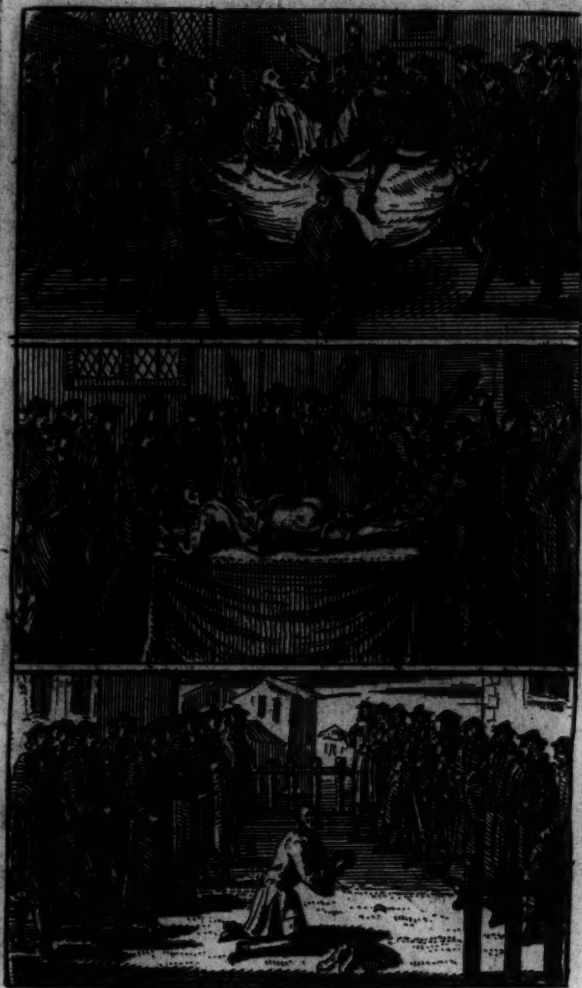




*Ibis ab Excuso Missus ad astra Sago.
 Aethereas, las cive Cupis Volitare per Auras,
 I, fuge, Sed poteras Tutior esse domi.*



*Ibis ab Excuso Missus ad astra Sago.
 Aethereas, las cive Cupis Volitare per Auras,
 I, fuge, Sed poteras Tutior esse domi.*

NECK or NOTHING:

A

CONSOLATORY LETTER

FROM

M^R. D-nt-n to M^R. C--rll

Upon his being Tost in a Blanket, &c.

*Id cogito quod res est quando eum quæstum oc-
ceperis,*

*Accipiunda & mussitanda injuria adolescentium
est. Terent.*

Truth is truest Poesy. Cowley.



Sold by Charles King in Westminster-Hall.
M DCC XVI. Price 4 d.

NECK or NOTHING.

CONSONANTORY LETTER

FROM

M^R. D-M-R to M^R. E-R

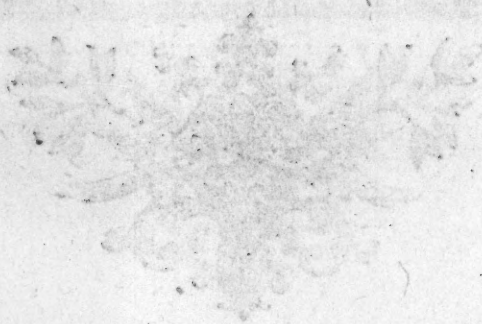
Upon his being told that

It is not possible to

And in the



This is a



Sold by the King in the

To
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NECK OR NOTHING:

A
CONSOLATORY LETTER
FROM

Mr. D----- to Mr. C-----

L O! I that earst the Glory spread
Of Worthies, who for *Monmouth* bled,
In Letters black, and Letters red: }

To Thee, Dear *Mun*, Condolance write,

A Suff'rer from the Jacobite:

For just as they were Martyrs, so

A Glorious Confessor art Thou:

Else should this matchless Pen of mine

Vouchsafe Thee not a single Line;

Nor wave its Politicks for this,

Its dark and deep Discoveries,

Nor for a Moment should forbear
To Charge the Faction in the Rear.

Could none of thy Poetick Band
Of Mercenary Wits at hand,
Foretell, or ward the coming Blow,
From Garret high, or Cellar low?
Or else at least in Verse bemoan
Their Lord, in double Sense cast down?
Or wast Thou warn'd, and couldst believe
That Habit fitted to deceive,
That corner'd Cap, and hanging Sleeve?
What Protestant of sober Wits
Would trust Folks drest like Jesuits?
And couldst Thou, *Mun*, be such a Sot
As not to smell a Powder-Plot?
And looking nine Ways couldst not spy
What might be seen with half an Eye.

What Planet rul'd that luckless Day,
When Thou, by Traitors call'd away,

Thy hasty hapless Course didst steer
 To fatal Flogging *Westminster*?
 For Hat and Gloves You call'd in haste;
 And down to Execution past.
 Small need of Hat and Gloves, I trow;
 Thou mightst have left thy Breeches too!
 Perhaps thy Soul, to Gain inclin'd,
 Did gratis Copies think to find;
 Or else, mistaken Hopes, expected
 To have at least the Press corrected.
 Correction They designing were
 More difficult, but better far;
 Tho' whatsoe'er the Knaves intended,
 Thou'rt but corrected, not amended.
 No! let it ne'er by Man be said,
 The Pirate's frighted from his Trade:
 Tho' vengeful Birch should flea his Thighs,
 Tho' toss'd from Blankets he should rise,
 Or stand fast nail'd to Pillories!

To see Thee smart for Copy-stealing,
 My Bowels yearn with Fellow-feeling.

Have I alone oblig'd the Press
 With fifteen hundred Treatises,
 Printers and Stationers undone,
 A Plagiary in ev'ry one?
 Yet always luckily have sped,
 Nor suffer'd in my Tail or Head.
 My Shoulders oft have ak'd, 'tis true,
 Misfortune frequent with us Two!
 Law claims from Thieves, and Pamphleteers
 Stripes on the Back, and Pain of Ears;
 And Cudgels too a Pow'r derive
 Around our Sides Executive:
 A Pow'r, tho' not by Statute lent,
 Yet justify'd by Precedent.
 But Law or Custom does not give
 Such Tyrannous Prerogative;
 To turn thy Brains, and then extend
 Their Fury to thy nether End.

Inhumane Punishment, inflicted
 By Stripling Tories, Rogues addicted
 To

To arbitrary Constitution;
 'Twas *Rome*! 'Twas downright Persecution:
 I sweat to think of thy Condition
 Before that barb'rous Inquisition.
 Lo! wide-extended by the Crowd,
 The Blanket, dreadful as a Shrowd,
 Yawns terrible, for Thee, poor *Mun*,
 To stretch, but not to sleep upon.
 Glad wouldst Thou give thy Copies now,
 And all thy golden Hopes forego;
 Some Favour from their Hands to win,
 And 'scape but once with a whole Skin:
 Yet vain, alas! is thy Repentance,
 For *Neck or Nothing* is thy Sentence:
 How dost thou lessen to the Sight,
 With more than a Poetick Flight?
 I ken Thee dancing high in Air,
 With Limbs alert, and quiv'ring there:
 So, whizz'd from Stick, I've seen to rise
 A Frog, sent sprawling to the Skies,

By

By naughty Boys, on Sport intent,
 Caught Straggling from its Element.
 This Scene some Graver shall invite,
 To stamp thy Form in Black and White:
 Haply in future Times to grace
 Some ever-open Frontispiece.
 With mouldy Veteran Authors Stale,
 Sustain'd by Packthread and a Rail:
 Where *Crouch*, sweet Story-teller, keeps;
 And *Bunyan*, happy Dreamer, sleeps:
 Near him perchance aerial Thou,
 Aloft shalt thy Proportion show;
 For ever carv'd on Wooden Plate,
 Shalt hang i'th' Air like Mahomet.
 Whate'er thine Effigy might do,
 Thy Person could not hover so.
 Happy at *Westminster* for Thee,
 Cou'dst thou have hung by Geometry?
 But, ah! the higher Mortals soar,
 So Fate ordains, they fall the lower;

With

With swifter Rapidness down-hasting;
 For nothing violent is lasting.
 With greater Force thy Forehead came,
 Than Engine, or than batt'ring Ram;
 Nor Blankets interposing Wooll
 Could save the Pavement, or the Scull.

This sure might seem enough for once, Oh!
 This tossing up, and tumbling down so;
 And well thy Stomach might incline
 To spue without Emetick Wine:
 Their Rage goes further, and applies
 More fundamental Injuries.

Like Truant, doom'd the Lash to feel,
 Thou'rt dragg'd, full sore against thy Will;
 To School to suffer more and worse,
 No Wonder if you hang an Arse:
 As thy Posteriors could foresee
 Their near-approaching Destiny.

The School, the direful Place of Fate,
 Opes her inhospitable Gate;
 Which ne'er had yet such Rigour seen,
 No! not from *Busby's* Discipline.
 And first of all, the cruel Rabble
 Conduct Thee, trembling, to a Table:
 Thy wrigling Corps across they spread,
 Two guard the Heels, and two the Head.
 The rest around, a threatening Band,
 With each his Fasces in his Hand,
 Dreadful as *Roman Liſtors* stand.
 So oft a four-leg'd Cur I've known,
 By hind Legs, and by fore kept down
 To be dissected, while Physician
 Stands o'er with Weapon of Incision.
 The Scene they order to disclose;
 " Strip, pull his Breeches o'er his Hose:
 " Nay, farther, make the Coast yet clearer,
 " Tho' near the Shirt, the Skin is nearer.

So said, so done, they soon uncase
 Thy only penetrable Face,
 The Breech, the Seat of Bashfulness.
 As hence we gather by its Caring,
 So very rarely for appearing;
 Not oft its pretty self revealing,
 Devoid of Sight, but not of Feeling:
 And now upon thy Rump they score thee,
 And pink thy fleshy Cushions for thee,

Come hold him Fair, we'll make him know
 What 'tis to deal with Scholars—Oh!
 Quoth *Edmund*: —Now, without Disguise,
 Confess, quo' they, thy Rogueries.
 What makes you keep in Garret high
 Poor Bards ty'd up to Poetry?—
 I'm forc'd to load them with a Clog,
 To make them study—Here's a Rogue
 Affronts the School, we'll make Thee rue it:
 —Indeed I never meant to do it!

No?

No? didst Thou not th' Oration print
Imperfect, with false Latin in't?

O Pardon! — No, Sir, have a care,

False Latin's never pardon'd here!

Indeed I'll ne'er do so agen,

Pray handle me like Gentlemen——

Yes, that we will, Sir, never fear it,

Your Betters have been forc'd to bear it,

Thus shaking the Tyrannick Rod,

Insulting thy Backside they stood,

'And with a Lash, as is their Fashion,

Finish'd each smart Expostulation.

Tho' all that can by Man be said,

Can ne'er beat Sense into thy Head;

Yet sure this Method cannot fail,

Quick to convey it to thy Tail.

'As when a Purge, that's upwards ta'en,

Scours not the stubborn Bowels clean;

More

More surely operating Clyster,
At t'other End they administer.

I *Westminster* so much should hate,
Had I been yerkt like Thee thereat;
I'm sure I should not care at all,
To come so near it as the Hall,
Hast thou not oft enough in Court
Appear'd, and often smarted for't?
And dost thou not, with many a Brand,
Recorded for a Pirate stand?
Glad that a Fine could pay th' Arrears,
And clear the Mortgage of thy Ears?
Then what Relief dost hope to draw,
From that which still condemns Thee, Law?
And if from Law no Help there be,
I'm sure there's none from Equity;
Lay Hand on Heart, and timely think,
The more Thou stir'st, the more Thou'lt stink;
And tho' it sorely gauls Thee yet,
Well as thou canst, sit down with it:

And

And since to rage will do no Good,
 Pull in thy Horns, and kiss the Rod;
 And while thou canst, retreat, for fear
 They fall once more upon Thy Rear,

Tho' 'tis vexatious, *Mun*, I grant;
 To hear the passing Truants taunt,
 And ask Thee at thy Shop in jeer,
 Which is the Way to *Westminster*?
 Oh! how th' unlucky Urchins laugh'd,
 To think they'd maul'd Thee fore and aft;
 'Tis such a sensible Affront!
 Why *Pope* will write an Epick on't!
Bernard will chuckle at thy Moan,
 And all the Booksellers in Town,
 From *Tonson* down to *Boddington*.
Fleet-street and *Temple-bar* around,
 The *Strand* and *Holborn*, this shall sound:
 For ever This shall grate thine Ear,
 Which is the Way to *Westminster*?

F I N I S.

